

The Nation

and

THE ATHENÆUM

Reviews.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Wiltshire Essays. By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Milford. 6s. 6d.)
Harbors of Memory. By WILLIAM MCFEE. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

A CHILD's first surprise when he goes out of England is in learning that the mysterious "abroad" of his dreams is someone else's "at home"; and perhaps the poets have no more important task than in showing us "at home" bathed in the imaginative splendor of "abroad," full of that radiance which belongs to the things beyond our reach, the things which experience cannot dull, and from whose perfection grow wisdom and tolerance. Mr. Hewlett's essays and Mr. McFee's are the essays of poets. In his personal and enchanting preface Mr. Hewlett claims, rightly enough, that his novels were conceived as a poem is conceived, and though he might hesitate to claim as much for these essays, they are still predominantly poetical in thought and imagination—though they are guiltless, we need hardly say, of the poetical prose affected by minor rhetoricians writing in this age of blunt speech. Their business is to show us England. Mr. Hewlett is no roaring optimist. He knows, we are sure, that life is sad, and that things are not what they might be; he has few illusions about farmers, or poets, or society, or politicians, or parsons—and his enthusiasm for the peasant is, as all who know him will aver, no illusion, but the expression of a plain fact. He might be considered a pessimist by some, but only by those who think a monstrous American liner more beautiful than a saffron-winged fisher-boat, or prefer the swollen pumpkin to the little melon, or the flushed peony to the rosebud: for Mr. Hewlett is a Little Englander in the good old sense. He writes of Dean Inge's prognostications:—

"There will be no army, no navy, no manufactories, no great estates, no great farms. We shall become, as I predicted, and as the Dean seems to infer, once more a 'small, hardy, fishing, and pastoral people.' One may add to that, pretty certainly, that we shall not be alone in our plight. All Europe may stand in with us. Personally, I not only believe that, but (and there perhaps I part company with the Dean) look forward to it. My one regret is that I shall not be alive to see it. . . . I remember once writing that if a little England was good enough for Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, it was good enough for me; but what is perhaps more to the purpose is to point out that, before the war, and I think also since, the smallest nations of Europe have held the highest proportion of happy and prosperous citizens: Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland. . . . To be rid of top-and-bottom hamper, to be self-sufficing, to stand square with other men, to avail nothing by what I have, but only and always by what I can—that is happiness, as I understand the matter. As for achievement, performance in terms of *avoirduois*, that is relative. Build a Taj Mahal if you can, compose your *Iliad*; but don't expect or think the more than may the carver of the cherry-stone or the elegist of 'Rose Aylmer.'"

That phrase, "to avail nothing by what I have, but only and always by what I can," sums up Mr. Hewlett's philosophy. It explains his deep attachment to the peasant, as it explains those earlier books in which too many of his admirers only saw a pleasant fancy roaming over the fields of the Renaissance. For whatever else was or was not true of the Renaissance, this was true, that a man was valued for what he could. Possessions weighed then, as now—but the victory was to power, carnal or spiritual. Mr. Hewlett has a fine contempt for humbug. He can be scathing towards the society folk who profess to despise the prudery or the false shame of the peasant; and he has no use for an

unconventionality which hurts the feelings of simple people. Yet we know of no author who can be trusted to be fairer to the genuinely unconventional spirit. This volume contains one of the best essays we have ever read on the life of Shelley. In the simplest way Mr. Hewlett allows the tragic pathos of that story to make its own effect, quoting from Mary's pitiful diary, in which she so obstinately endeavors to keep brave and dry-eyed, striving to be philosophical when—poor child!—she needed to sob and sob over that dead baby: "Whenever I am left alone to my own thoughts . . . they always come back to the same point—that I was a mother and am so no longer."

The best of the literary essays is perhaps that on Ballads, in which Mr. Hewlett endeavors to show which of our ballads have a peasant origin, applying with great ingenuity a delicacy of touch that is much to seek in most higher criticism. There are essays in which his ironic humor has play—as the excellent account of smug, comfortable Joseph Lackington, the little note on Mr. Harold Monro, the scalding stream directed at Mr. Bok, of the "Ladies' Home Journal." These are, however, but the sauce to a book which is full of sound thinking, real wisdom, and generous belief. Mr. Hewlett is one of the most religious of authors; there are essays here, on war and on social conditions, which might very well be ordered to displace those homilies which are now never read in our churches. Here, too, in handling the familiar things of religion, thoughts with which we are supposed to be at home, Mr. Hewlett has the poet's vision, and gives us the wonder and surprise of "abroad."

Mr. McFee writes of "abroad." He is a little inclined, perhaps, to overvalue actual experience. (There is a suspicion in some of his sketches of the standard which thinks a beachcomber is necessarily more convincing, more vital for art than a Yarmouth fisherman; but, on the whole, he uses his experience of strange worlds with a most refreshing modesty. He is a lucky traveller. He has met, he believes, several of Mr. Conrad's characters, including the great Mac Whirr "breathing heavily at a table by himself, and remarking, when interrogated, that he had no remembrance of ever going through a typhoon. 'We used to have dirty weather at times, of course,' he murmured." Men tell him fascinating stories of adventure, and women confide in him with a simplicity which he manages to reproduce, except when he generalizes on feminine qualities. He has a great love of ships and the sea, and he gives a picture of engineers' life and adventures for which alone his book is memorable. We doubt if there has been written a better story of the war's accidents than the one he puts into the mouth of Tommy. Tommy tells how, when the "Polynesian" went down, he, the Second, and the Chief discovered that they were left behind on the ship. The last message had been "Stand by": then silence, and then the discovery that they had been left:—

"They were, as Tommy put it, 'in a state.' It wasn't, you know, the actual danger; it was the carrying away of their faith in the world of living men. Good God! And I imagine the prevailing emotion in their hearts at this moment was instinct in the lad's query to me—'What was the use of goin' back, or making a fight of it, if that was all they thought of us?' And then the 'Polynesian' recalled them from speculations as to the ultimate probity of the human soul by giving a sudden lunge forward. She was sinking."

The escape of the three is told bluntly, almost unemotionally; but it remains one of the most vivid stories of human endurance and courage in the face of extreme danger and disillusionment. Mr. McFee has, in full, that philosophy which belongs chiefly to the sailor and the farm-laborer—the refusal to be really disappointed. It is one which they acquire by the recognition, rather than by the

ignoring, of facts. The sailor is always leaving; the only thing continuous in his life is change. He does little, if anything, to bridge over one period to another. He meets an old friend and meditates: "We have never written, though, for it is a fact that some friendships do not 'carry' in a letter. . . . For all I knew, I was never to see him again. What of that? We had been chums and we understood each other." He lives in memory, and he knows that his Greek friend in Smyrna spoke the truth when she said: "Il faut que vous n'oubliez, monsieur, que chaque voyage est un petit mort." Well, Mr. McFee has faced things, and he is neither cynical nor passionate. He has not Mr. Hewlett's happiness, but he has a content which serves him well, and renders his accounts of adventures free from the spirit of repining against fate which spoils some travellers' tales. His interest in literature is limited, but his taste is sensitive and good; and his racy telling how he reviewed some modern books is full of shrewd criticism of the most unlikely authors, such as Mr. Stephen McKenna and Mr. Cecil Chesterton. He keeps returning, in many of his essays, to Mr. Conrad; and it is, perhaps, the greatest tribute we can pay him to say that his tales about the sea and his talk about Conrad's novels both help one to understand the essential truth and magnificence of that great artist.

JAPAN'S REAL PEOPLE.

The Foundations of Japan. By J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT. (Murray. 24s.)

THIS book ought to restore good feeling between this country and the Japanese, and good feeling needs to be restored. Some years ago we became rather sickened by artistic and poetic praises of Japan and her people. We were taught to imagine a lovely set of islands all inhabited by charming little people, rippling with laughter, and devoted to exquisite painting and exquisite verse. In our hearts we doubted whether a people endowed with the most melancholy faces in the world, and given to most assiduous labor, could possibly ripple with laughter, and we knew well that in painting, porcelain, and metal work the Chinese incalculably surpassed them. But we were content to take them on trust of the word pronounced by Whistler and Lafcadio Hearn, until their victories over China and Russia, their competition with ourselves, especially in the Indian market, and their construction of a powerful fleet convinced us that they were very far from being a nation of delightful dolls. Then the British sentiment began to turn against them, whether as rather dubious allies or as possible dangers in times to come. One heard the Japanese described as "militarists," or as "the Germans of the East," and so far as their Government went the descriptions were, unhappily, true. As Mr. Robertson Scott says in his Introduction:—

"Not only Japanese soldiers, but many administrative, educational, agricultural, and commercial experts had been to school in Germany. There was much in common in the German and Japanese mentalities, much alike in Central European and Farthest East regard for the army and for order, devotion to regulations, habit of subordination, and deification of the State."

The author's main object in this volume is to prove that there is another side still to Japanese life and mind; that the Japanese are neither a giggling lot of pretty artists and writers of tiny verse, nor a mere horde of regimental soldiers and manufacturing "hands," but, in the main, still an agricultural people, working their fields and following their ancestral customs without artistic self-consciousness:—

"The basic fact about Japan," he writes, "is that it is an agricultural country. Japanese aestheticism, the victorious Japanese army and navy, the smoking chimneys of Osaka, the pushing mercantile marine, the Parliamentary and administrative developments of Tokyo, and a costly world-wide diplomacy are all borne on the bent backs of *Ohyakusho na Fufu*, the Japanese peasant farmer and his wife."

We gather from Mr. Scott's own account that he was about five years in Japan, having gone out in the first year of the war. As is well known, he was for two years editor of "The New East," a monthly periodical, mainly propagandist, issued in English and Japanese. But he never allowed himself to be limited to the towns. He travelled

far and wide through the islands, conversing, as he says, with all sorts and conditions of men—landlords, schoolmasters, policemen, shopkeepers, priests, co-operative society enthusiasts, village officials, county officials, a score of Governors, and an Ainu chief, not to speak of farmers' wives and daughters, landladies and mill-girls, the inhabitants of a Buddhist nunnery, and old countrymen who knelt before their cottages with heads to the ground when the stranger rode past.

The result is a book of unusual interest and charm, for it describes the life and opinions of the real working people, in the towns and especially in the country. It tells of the intense labor in the rice-fields and the intense labor in the factories. In passing, we may just notice what girl labor means in that island of rippling laughter:—

"At the first factory—it employed about 1,000 girls and 200 men—work began at 4.30 a.m., breakfast was at 5, and the next meal at 10.30. The stoppages for eating were for a few minutes only. A cake was handed to each girl at her machine at 3. Supper-time came after work was finished at 7. No money was paid for the first year. The second year the wages might be 3 or 4 yen a month. The statement was made that at the end of her five years' term a girl might have 300 yen, but that this sum was not within the reach of all."

When the book was written the yen was equal to two shillings, and two shillings a week is not high pay for anyone. It is no wonder that swarms of girls prefer the work of a geisha, a "waitress" in a tea shop, or a prostitute, and that we read there are in Japan about 110,000 of these three classes taken together. As is well known, girls are purchased from their parents at anything from 200 to 500 yen (£20 to £50) apiece, for three-years' term as prostitutes. It is a callous and brutal system, due to poverty; but perhaps it cannot be condemned more than our British or European system of permanent ruin. Anyhow, it would not be worse if the girls could always return home, as supposed. But Mr. Scott tells us they are almost invariably drawn into debt to the keepers of the brothels, and not more than 15 per cent. really return.

The book is full of fresh observation upon the religion and inner feelings of the people—their cheerful desire to give pleasure to their ancestors, the charms hung upside down (as against toothache or ants, or to ensure the return of a favorite cat); and, for religion, we may conclude with the following sentences, only a few from the many collected by the author during his association with Japanese of all classes:—

"The weakest deterrent influence among us is, 'It is wrong.' A stronger deterrent influence is, 'Heaven will punish you.' The strongest deterrent influence of all is, 'Everybody will laugh at you.'"

"In Japan all religions have been turned into sentiment or aestheticism."

"We Japanese have never been spiritually gifted. We are neither meditative nor reflective like the Hindus, nor individualistic like the Anglo-Saxons. Nevertheless, like all mankind we have our spiritual yearnings."

"Many Japanese seem unable to worship anything higher than human beings. The readiest key to the religious feeling of the Japanese is the religious life of the Greeks. The more I study the Greeks the more I see our resemblance to them in many ways; in all ways except, perhaps, two, our lack of philosophy and our lack of physical comeliness."

A TYPICAL QUAKER OF TO-DAY.

George Lloyd Hodgkin. (Friends' Bookshop. 10s. 6d.)

A QUAKER soldier, as Fox himself recognized, is a contradiction in terms. The private duty of non-resistance, a duty which he, in his loyalty to the literal word of Christ, maintained from the first both by precept and example, can by no casuistry be made consistent with the public profession of arms. It was his refusal to serve in Cromwell's army at Worcester which earned for the founder of Quakerism his first long term of imprisonment. Yet he seems to have taken small pains to impress his own conviction upon his followers, and the negative character of his pacifist teaching is shown in his advice to William Penn on the carrying of a sword: "Wear it as long as thou canst." Once his followers had been directed to the Light Within, he was content that they should work out the details of their own conduct

according to its guidance. This magnificent confidence was justified in the result.

There is no problem in psychology more attractive to the historian than the simultaneous development of the doctrine of non-resistance in the mind of the early Quakers, separated though they might be from each other and from their leader by leagues of sea or land. Quakerism was born amidst the last thunders of the Civil War: it found its readiest converts in the serious-minded soldiers of the Commonwealth—a soil one would have thought little adapted to the growth of pacifism. Yet it was Cromwell's Quaker soldiers who, in the last days of the Protectorate, refused the estates offered to them in Ireland, because they had been won by the sword; and it was a boatswain's mate on one of Admiral Blake's frigates who became the first Conscientious Objector amongst the Friends. This independent growth of conviction gives to the doctrine of non-resistance an authority far higher than could have been imposed upon it from without, and stamps it as the logical outcome of a return to the message of Christ.

Through the centuries which have followed, this doctrine has continued to hold a central place in the teaching and practice of Friends. While their chief mission as a Society—the relief of suffering and the redress of injustice—has revealed itself more and more clearly, their testimony against war has developed as its almost inevitable corollary. When the recurring menace of war has brought them from time to time into conflict with the ruling powers, their refusal to take up arms has been made without hesitation and with practical unanimity.

But the call to arms which came to the youth of England in August, 1914—the cry of Belgium, the threat of invasion of our own mother country—made a new and peculiar appeal to those whose most sacred traditions involved the helping of the helpless and the defence of the weak. In those first days many young Quakers joined the fighting forces, and the Society of Friends, recognizing the purity of their motives and the difficulty of their choice, resolved to treat them with sympathy and not with excommunication, which had hitherto been the fate of those who renounced a Quaker principle. In 1916, however, when the Military Service Act became law, the glamor of the early months of war had faded, and any lingering illusion that evil could be overcome by the use of force was slain by a Bill which destroyed liberty of conscience. At a special Yearly Meeting the whole body of young men Friends, with very few exceptions, pledged themselves to resist the Act. Within a few months the majority of those who had thus pledged themselves were serving sentences of hard labor in prison—some had been condemned to death, a sentence which was afterwards commuted. Many even of those who had been willing to accept alternative work were confined in semi-penal establishments at Wakefield, Princetown, and other places. Amongst these Absolutists, who refused exemption and even peaceful service on the ground that they would thus be forcing others to fight in their stead, was George Lloyd Hodgkin, the account of whose short life has now been published by his sister. The story is presented with simplicity and candor, and wherever possible the subject of it is allowed to tell his own tale and expound his own thoughts. The result is most valuable as a record of the inner history of a Conscientious Objector, who was in many ways a typical example of the young Friend of to-day.

The youngest child of Dr. Thomas Hodgkin, the historian, and grandson on the mother's side of Luke Howard, the meteorologist and Quaker statesman, he was born into a wide inheritance, intellectual and spiritual. He was reared in all the best traditions of Quakerism, and the adoring friendship which he felt for his father—a feeling shared by every member of the family—combined to knit him to the faith of his ancestors. But it was during his years at Cambridge that he became a Quaker by conviction, a change due in great part to his friendship with Caroline E. Stephen. This lady, the daughter of Sir James and sister of Sir Leslie Stephen, had been won to Quakerism by the attraction of its silent meetings, and her conversion is described by its latest historian as "one of the most important events in the history of English Quakerism during the latter part of the nineteenth century." The intimate correspondence, chiefly on religious matters, to which she admitted young Hodgkin was of incalculable help

to him in shaping his judgments and defining his opinions, and was broken only by her death. A third friendship, formed somewhat later with a fellow Quaker who is still living and working, turned his thoughts and energies to social work and practical self-sacrifice.

Friendship is indeed the keynote of his life—a self-sacrificing love which set him by the side of the slum-dweller in Ancoats and Newcastle, which even during the Zeppelin raids could plead against reprisals, and led him finally to lay down his life for the starving refugees of Armenia.

For him when the war broke out there could be no question of compromise nor even of hesitation. His mind had been made up at least as long ago as 1909, when he had delivered in Australia an address on the subject of "Peace and Patriotism." He had appealed then not so much for a campaign against war, as for "a patriotism not merely peace-loving, but hungering and thirsting for national righteousness." This prayer finds an echo in his last letter written to his wife from Bagdad after four years' experience of the effects of war: "I think a bigger ideal of what our country stands for is the thing to ask for." The last sentences of his last paper—an account of a pilgrimage undertaken by two members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation—form a fitting close to the memoir of one who himself stands in the true succession of Quaker heroes:—

"In quiet, home-like Meeting Houses the early Friends met together to shelter for a while from the blast of the world's hatred, and from out of these little sanctuaries they went quietly, ready to face every manifestation of that hatred. But they brought back a great hope into the hearts of men. 'Beloved, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us'—that where love is, there is the glory which creates and makes new. For a world over which lies the shadow of disease and death, this is the secret of an endless life."

WHERE IS HAPPINESS?

Trapping Wild Animals in Malay Jungles. By CHARLES MAYER. (Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d.)

On the Trail of the Pigmies. By L. J. VANDEN BERGH, J.D., LL.B. (Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

The Soul of Central Africa. By the Rev. JOHN ROSCOE, M.A. (Cassell 25s.)

PERHAPS it is a question to which there is no answer, though these three volumes, especially the last two, raise it in an acute form. Mr. Mayer has made a very good business and enterprising career of "yanking animals from the jungle." He is an American who began to earn money as "property-boy" in various circuses, and became a prosperous trapper and dealer in wild animals for menageries and circuses. His is a bold and adventurous spirit, risking life, enduring hardship, and mastering circumstance in one foray after another in the Malay jungle, and describing what he has seen and done in a manner very captivating to the hearts of romantic readers. His frankness is indeed disarming, and within his lights he may be ungrudgingly credited with a highly successful book. Birds, monkeys, and felines are snared in birdlime, nets, and bottles with a sweet rag in them; elephants by the score in stockades, where they are broken in by semi-starvation and beaten with rattan whips until they bellow with pain; if they are inclined to roguery, a hook is thrust into the same wound again and again, until a judicious docility returns. Rhinoceroses are taken in pits, and oranges by cutting down their nesting tree and precipitating them, amid smoke and yells, into nets. The natives have the time of their lives, though very frequently they get killed and their labor gets forced. The animals—? But their account of the matter is not divulged. What with terror, shock, dislocation of normal conditions, homesickness, their mortality is extremely heavy, and Mr. Mayer's successors will hardly have much material for a book, unless they take in botany and anthropology. But Mr. Mayer cannot be expected to concern himself with this aspect, and, if we keep one eye shut, we can give him his due and take his entertainment through the other.

Dr. or Father Vanden Bergh revisits in his book the Wanyika, the Wakamba, the Wakikuyu, the Masai, and the

Wakavirondo tribes scattered between Mombasa and the Great Lakes, among whom he had lived nine years before as a missionary, and the last thirty pages give an account of the Pigmies (Mambuti) in the sunless forests of the Belgian Congo. The book is, on the whole, an interesting anthropological record, though liable to stylistic skittishness and containing some facetious descriptions to the numerous photographs not in the best taste. The author devotes the greater part of the volume to marriage customs, since, in his opinion, they "reflect the mental attitude and moral status" of a tribe. The Wanyika are polygamous, a man with two wives being rich, with more a capitalist, and with sixty a Midas. Marriage means little more than mastership in all the tribes, and, as often among people of Western Europe, is a complicated commercial transaction. But the women are too valuable an economic commodity to be ill-treated. The genial, pensive, and philosophic Wakikuyu throw their sick out to be eaten in the open by hyenas; the honest, amiable, intelligent, and communistic Wakavirondo practise polygamy and divorce on so large a scale that it is like changing partners in a dance; and the Massai, hardest and boldest of Central African warriors, are perishing through venereal disease and the decline of the birth rate, since their raids were stopped. The Pigmies—who live "as close to monkeys as it is possible for human beings to do," who make huts of leaves and twigs, practise no agriculture, follow an elephant for months through the jungle, until he drops from their tiny, poisoned arrows, who have no ambitions, wants, or mental development, and are ape-like down to their physical characters—believe in one Supreme Being, are free of superstition, temperate, gentle, and with a high sense of delicacy. Homicide and stealing are unknown among them, and ethically they seem in very truth to be the "noble savage." Time and again we are confronted with these violent contrasts, until abstract moral valuations cease to have any meaning. A great number of these tribes will be literally extinct in a very few generations, for the rate of depopulation is terrible. They seem to wither at the touch of the white man—who has freed them from degrading superstition, from serfdom, from licensed murder, from perpetual warfare, from blood sacrifice, from all the worst horrors of unbridled savagery. By what standards and in which condition are we to judge their virtue or their happiness? One feels that every investigator—especially the missionary—should be made to understand, before he goes out, that the Einstein theory does not apply to the heavenly bodies only.

Mr. Roscoe's book strengthens this impression. He has travelled extensively over the Uganda Protectorate, and this volume is the fruit of the information he has gathered in the Western and Northern Provinces, north of Lake Victoria, in the districts about Lake Kioga, and in the outlying regions, as the head of the Mackie Ethnological Expedition. But for the noticeable lack of humor and elasticity, its faithful, painstaking, direct, and, on the whole, sympathetic narrative makes for attentive reading. The author tells us frankly that the enforced monogamy of many tribes owing to Christian conversion has often very dubious results. In one tribe they went to King David for a precedent in the continuance of the ancient ways; in others monogamy leads to a surplus of women, the growth of venereal disease through the uprooting of established custom and the contact of unscrupulous traders—and so to the rapid decline of the tribe. Here, again, civilization seems to give with one hand and take away with the other. Here, again, we find that what we call high morality is purely the product of economic conditions, and what we call low is balanced by other and allied ethical advantages. Here, again, we are left to wonder whether the native would have been happier and better off as he was.

THE PAPACY AND THE EMPIRE.

Medieval Political Theory in the West. Vol. IV. By A. J. CARLYLE. (Blackwood. 30s.)

DR. CARLYLE'S monumental work proceeds steadily upon its way. The new volume has all the merits of its predecessors. It is learned, it is weighty, and it is judicial. Based, as it is, upon a fresh and independent study of the texts, it has the special value that attaches to a scholarship

which is always accurate and vigorous. Its defects are by now well known. Fascinating though his subject is, Dr. Carlyle has not avoided the danger of dullness. He has depersonalized his material, so that even the strident egoism of Hildebrand has a certain wraithlike faintness in his pages. Dr. Carlyle does not attempt to reflect upon his material, with the consequence that one of the most valuable results of historical inquiry (the impact of the facts upon their narrator) is lost to us. He lacks the original genius of Maitland, or, upon a lesser stage, the vivid eagerness of Neville Figgis. But he is always accurate, always patient, and always impartial. The student to whom the vast tomes of Gierke are inaccessible will have, in the future, to lean heavily upon him; and a comparison of his work with that of any Anglo-American predecessor leaves all the advantages on his side.

In the present volume Dr. Carlyle deals with the relation of Empire and Papacy from the tenth century to the twelfth. On the whole, the result is to confirm the traditional view of medieval philosophy. But there are some notable reservations upon which it is worth while to say a word. Dr. Carlyle paints a much more restrained picture of Gregory VII. than is usual in modern work. Practically, he adopts the view taken of that Pontiff by the classical Roman Catholic tradition, as interpreted by Cardinal Hergenröther. He argues with great force for his attitude. But it is difficult, to take a single instance, to reconcile it with so resounding a challenge to secular independence as that made in the famous letter of March 15th, 1081, to the Bishop of Metz. If other thinkers had said the same thing before, no Pope had used similar terms; and it was, at least, a very notable departure from the doctrine of Gelasius. For the latter, as Dr. Carlyle himself points out, there are two independent authorities with two independent systems of law; collision can only come when one invades the sphere of the other. That, surely, is the antithesis of Gregory's attitude. For him, secular authority is the invention of worldly men, egged on by the devil, and the Church must give its imprimatur to the prince before his power is justified.

So, too, Dr. Carlyle minimizes, it may be urged, the papal-imperialism of John of Salisbury. Granted, as he urges, that John's views are individual views, and that there is no evidence that he influenced his age, it is a different thesis to argue that he represents it. John of Salisbury, after all, is writing of the contest between Adrian IV. and Barbarossa, and he was a notable adherent of Thomas à Becket. His book is nothing if it is not an insistence that State-policy derives its authorization from its conformity to the discipline of the Church. His theory states baldly and firmly the doctrine of ecclesiastical supremacy. And if that is not the meaning of the whole contest between Pope and Emperor, it is difficult to see what it was about. We may grant that the writers hedged and shifted uneasily; but, at least, the direction of the effort of John, and Bernard, and Rufinus is perfectly clear. They may not have had a direct impact upon their time; few thinkers are so fortunate. But they certainly aimed a definite blow at the older theory of an independent secular authority.

We may, indeed, agree with Dr. Carlyle that too much attention has been given by historians to this contest and its significance. As he says: "The great political conceptions of the Middle Ages, the supremacy of the law, the authority of the community, the contractual relation between ruler and subjects, were only incidentally affected by the question of the relations of the two Powers." That is a wise and true remark. The real glory of the Middle Ages, and, beyond that, their importance for political philosophy, are derived from the effort of its philosophers to establish a rule of right. They did not succeed; and here, as elsewhere, the effort of the lawyers, like Baldus and Bartolus, pointed out that legal rules are simpler of research and application than ethical. But at least the medieval publicist has grasped the elementary truth that rights, after all, are a reflection of right. Both the sources and nature of his religious convictions may have made impossible the success of his desire. But things like the vision of Langland and the sermons of John Ball make it clear that to some, at any rate, the dream was not without fruition.

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Mrs. STOPES is so well and so ill qualified to write the biography of Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton, that a just estimate of her achievement is more difficult than it seems. On the one hand, she astonishes us by her indefatigable industry in research. This is a very long book (over five hundred pages), and it is packed fuller, to our mind, than it will hold with citations from original documents—with, indeed, all the material upon Shakespeare's relations with his patron, upon Southampton's marriage with Elizabeth Vernon, his public career under a queen who frowned and a king who smiled upon him, his connection with the Essex "conspiracy," his interests in literature and the drama, his activities in the colonization of Virginia (he was a member of the Councils both of the Virginia and the East India Companies), and his rather vague anti-Spanish policy, that it is possible to collect. Mrs. Stopes's energy in amassing, editing, and arranging all these documentary sources bearing upon Southampton and his environment is a tribute to her scholarship which renders the reviewer's appreciation needless. The book is a museum of records.

On the other hand, it is nothing else. Mrs. Stopes is the victim of her own method through what we are bound to call her total incapacity to make a significant, living unity of her subject-matter. She has not made a good story out of it. Her records, indeed, appear to exercise a kind of malign enchantment upon her, and time and again, when it is of supreme necessity for her purpose to round off her narrative, to draw the threads of her argument together, to summarize preceding data, the spell of the document reasserts itself and the reader is left *in vacuo*. Page 448, for instance, begins with an account of James's review of his ships at Beaulieu to welcome Prince Charles home from Spain after his fruitless quest of the Infanta; a new paragraph, without any warning, begins with Southampton's plans for his eldest son to go to the Low Countries; a third, also irrelevantly and with a quotation, gives a piece of gossip as to a possible bride for the heir; a fourth deals with the return of Charles, and a fifth quotes an extract from "Venetian Papers" as to Charles reconciling Buckingham with some gentlemen he had quarrelled with—and all on one page!

As it is, we defy any reader to secure a coherent idea of what kind of a man Southampton was from this "Life" of him. On the other hand, the author will undoubtedly gain disciples from the ranks of the Pembrokeians for her conservative theory as to Shakespeare's early association with the young Earl. Shakespeare's dedication of "Venus and Adonis" (1593) is the first prose he wrote known to us, and the dedication of "Lucrece" in the following year shows a marked advance in warmth and confidence. Mrs. Stopes weaves an ingenious theory (which she wisely places in brackets as pure inference) as to the identity of "Mr. W. H." "the onlie begetter of these ensuing sonnets," whose mystery has filled a roomful of detective stories. In her view, "W. H." was William Hervey, the third husband of the Dowager Countess of Southampton, who found a manuscript copy of the Sonnets while preparing his house for the reception of his second wife (the Countess having died in 1609), and gave it to the printer, Thorpe. But this is surely rather wire-drawn. The matter will probably never be cleared up, but in default of the proof, the theory that Thorpe simply transposed Southampton's initials for security's sake has the advantage (a unique one in this controversy) of simplicity and of accord with the tone of the Preface to "Lucrece," especially if we accept Sir Sidney Lee's careful hypothesis that most of the Sonnets were written between 1593 and 1594, fifteen years before their publication.

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His intimate knowledge of events during the terrible years, as was shown in his "History of the War," was, naturally, of great assistance to the author, and he has done his utmost to assist the reader, too. His index covers twenty-four pages; he gives a complete list of the officers killed (1,054), with the dates, a list of the numbers of N.C.O.s and men killed in each battalion (total 20,887), and a very interesting diagram showing the fronts on which each battalion served, with the dates. He provides short accounts of some of the most conspicuous men and officers, such as F. C. Selous, Sir Sydney Lawford, and Sir Charles Townshend, not to mention Mr. Epstein, the sculptor, or a certain trainer of Russian bears, whose wanderings through Europe and knowledge of languages made him useful to the Intelligence. He apparently gives details of all the V.C.s gained in the regiment, and there were many, most, alas! being bestowed posthumously. He gives interesting extracts from private letters and from the battalion diaries, which are among his chief authorities; and he has contrived to arrange the actions upon the various fronts fairly well in order of date, perhaps the most difficult task of all. No pains have been spared, and the book forms an admirable record of one among the most distinguished regiments in the war. As we have seen, nearly one-tenth of those who joined the regiment in one capacity or another were killed, but we may expect that many of the survivors will acquire for themselves such a memorial as this.

The account naturally opens with the service of the first and fourth regular battalions (which served in France throughout the whole war) and their terrible struggles round Ypres, Neuve Chapelle, and Loos. It is a story as fine as terrible. But the present reviewer's interest is most attracted by the history of the second battalion, which formed part of the Fusilier Brigade in that superb 29th Division which forced the landing on Gallipoli and served there to the end. It was the 86th Brigade, and Mr. O'Neill rightly quotes the fine address issued to it by its commandant, Brig-General F. C. Hare, just before the landing:—

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"At 5 p.m. it began to rain. In an hour there was a foot of water in the trenches. From the hills where the Turks lay a tremendous flood of water swept towards the Fusilier position. . . . In a few minutes the face of the country had changed. Into the trenches swept a pony, a mule, and three dead Turks. Several men were drowned. The whole area became a lake. The communication trenches were a swirl of muddy water. . . . The bulk of the battalion had scrambled out of the trenches, and stood about on the spots which remained above water, soaked to the skin, and at least half of them without overcoats or even rifles. The moon lit up these small knots of shivering men on little banks of mud in a waste of water. Not a shot was fired on either side. The common calamity had enforced an efficient truce."

Hard frost and snow followed. Mr. O'Neill's account of that terrible time is fine and accurate, but perhaps only those who knew the scene can appreciate its full horror.

Most of the book is, naturally, occupied with the front in France, and here we meet again the familiar names with all their hideous memories—Pozières, Delville Wood, Bourlon Wood, Ginchy, Thiepval, Monchy, Oppy, Passchendaele, Cambrai, the Menin Road. Salonika and East Africa have to be included. Well might the Royal Fusiliers ask with the classic hero, "What shore is not strewn with our wrecks, strewn with our bones?"

H. W. N.

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CAPTAIN MONCKTON, Resident Magistrate of New Guinea, spent a large part of his time in the society of cannibals. He found them, with few exceptions, a simple, affectionate people, loyal and devoted in service, ardent and indomitable in war. Adopted as their chief by the Kaili-Kaili and Binandere tribes, the person and commands of "The Man," whose name, like that of the ancient gods, was never directly mentioned, became immediately sacred. His touch was solicited as a cure for sickness and as a good omen in childbirth, and the tips of his waxed moustaches were administered as a stimulant for valor to his orderly's infant son. A zealous bodyguard followed him across inaccessible mountains and across trackless swamps, protecting him, on his expeditions, from the menaces of hostile tribes, and whilst in residence, from the more mysterious perils of colonial civilization. If he dined at Government House two plumed and bearded warriors jealously watched his plate; should he pass the night with a clerical friend, a cautious whisper informed him that a loaded revolver was under his pillow and that guards would watch outside his door all night—for, missionary or no missionary, "no one can see into the belly of a man." Portraits of Captain Monckton's devoted subjects, with which his volume is embellished, show us warriors in bird-of-paradise helmets and bead necklaces, civilians in striped pinafores, and ladies in ballet-dancer crinolines of billowy pampas. These figures have much of the gaiety of comic opera, and if their features lack the finer chiselling wrought by the slow processes of sophistication, they are pleasantly irradiated by a simple, good-humored smile. On the whole, one feels, as one turns Captain Monckton's pages, there may be charms in primal simplicity and something to be said for the reaction in favor of nakedness and candor. Nothing is easier, in short, than to fall into a vein of sentimentalism about savages.

Captain Monckton, however, is no sentimentalist. Though full of praise for the fine physique and heroic qualities of the tribes within his jurisdiction, the Resident Magistrate does not hesitate to show us the savage as he is. Even beadless and in blue serge, fortified with Christian bayonets and Christian baptism, the nicest Binandere policemen

frequently run amok, or "go kava-kava"—wounding and killing abundantly all within their reach. Raids on miners' camps continually agitated Captain Monckton's district, and many and active were the attacks made against him by hostile natives through whose territory he passed. Finally, there were those reprehensible repasts! Anthropologists have taught us that the practice of cooking and eating prisoners by roasting them alive over a slow fire is of venerable origin, and dictated neither by cruelty nor greed. Believing that the "Mana" of prisoners of war passes naturally into the person of their consumer, the ambitious soldier is spurred to his culinary efforts by military zeal alone. The New Guinea authorities, indifferent to motives, however, have made the discouragement of cannibalism an active branch of the Resident Magistrate's duties. Of these, many are far less simple and straightforward than the supervision of the savage menu. Charges of sorcery, for example, create an extremely delicate problem for the conscientious administrator of justice. A local magician is accused of altering the color and course of the moon, with devastating effects on the neighboring crops. "The evidence cannot possibly convict you," urges the magistrate. "Plead 'Not Guilty!'" "But I am guilty!" returns the prisoner, indignantly. "I should not be much of a sorcerer if I could not do a little thing like that!" A fine, or a few months' imprisonment, is consequently ordered, and the reputation of the sorcerer made secure. In this connection Captain Monckton quotes an incident which Mental Healers and disciples of Coué may read with profit:—

"A native of Samarai suddenly went sick. He was sent to the doctor, who at once frankly told him he could do no good, the case being one of sorcery. When Dr. Jones asked particulars he was told that the native's young wife, by means of witchcraft, had put a stone axe, a lot of fishing line, and a cooking pot inside him, and that only a sorcerer could possibly get them out. While professional pride forbade Jones to admit this last statement, he tried to reason him out of the belief, but without avail. The man went away, grew daily worse, and one day disappeared. About a fortnight later Dr. Jones met him again, looking fit and well, and, after congratulating him, asked him how he was cured. 'Oh,' said the native, 'it was just as I told you. I went to the village sorcerer, and he took an axe, a broken pot, and a lot of twine out of my side, and now I am as well as ever I was.'"

In the course of his residency Captain Monckton undertook many explorations, of which one of the most interesting was the ascent of Mount Albert Edward, a height of over thirteen thousand feet. On the slopes of this mountain traces were seen of an animal, probably the "Sus Barbirusa," with cloven feet, a tail like a horse, a dark skin with pattern-like markings, a long snout, and a curious, long shrill cry. At the end of his volume Captain Monckton appends a list of the mammalia discovered by him on former expeditions, a collection of which can be seen at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. Even more valuable than his zoological discoveries were the excavations of ancient pottery, of which Captain Monckton gives excellent photographs. The first find was made by a miner who, from the *débris* of a prehistoric forest and a stratum of gold-bearing gravel, dug up an obsidian battle-axe, in shape exactly resembling the battle-axes of the ancient Saxons and Danes. The next was a stone bowl and pestle identical with those found on islands in the Mediterranean—the oldest forms of pottery extant. Captain Monckton's pottery has been much discussed by learned authorities, and the collection is preserved for sightseers in the British Museum.

The general tone of Captain Monckton's reminiscences is not scientific, but personal. A man of energetic character, fearless and outspoken, the late Resident Magistrate enjoyed many grievances, to which compendious justice is done in a single sentence at the end of the volume:—

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Brammell.

"The blasted Government!" I answered. "Here I have no sooner finished a heavy Kamusi expedition than I am haled away to Samarai, to sit on the Council and fight the judge and non-official members; then to ascend Mount Albert Edward; then I am detailed to escort the members of the Royal Commission from Buna Bay overland to Port Moresby, and told what will happen to me if any accident occurs to them, being then a cross between a Cook's tourist agent, a courier, and a monthly nurse; from that I am ordered, without a day's rest from incessant marching, to go

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and define the German frontier and locate a goldfield, all over most ungodly country; then, when after months of freezing on mountain tops, blistering on grass plains, floundering in swamps and morasses, living on roots and grubs, and being more or less drowned in rivers and cataracts, not to speak of incidents with poisoned arrows, spears, clubs, native suspension bridges, &c., hurricanes and falling trees, millions of mosquitoes, hornets, biting ants, scorpions, death adders, and other pests, also being nearly grabbed by an alligator, I crawl in here, having done all the work I was sent to do, and with my party so worn and thin and fever-stricken, and so covered with boils and sores as to make Job a Sybarite in comparison to us, I am metaphorically kicked on the bottom and told to get home to my Division and do some work!"

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There are snares and difficulties in the way, admittedly, for his English readers, even the most sympathetic of them. The translation is sometimes queer, very queer; there are sentences of which one makes with extreme ingenuity head or tail. And then the writer has a trying habit of recalling suddenly the sins of his natural enemies in art, and posting off after them to administer a terrific kick. This is amusing, but it interrupts. However, that is only the excess of the zeal which has made him a discoverer and tireless investigator for so many years. His task, as the book makes clear, is that of a life-time. It is best realized in the final account of the Throndhjem Cathedral, which might very effectively have opened the argument. The story of that Northern pilgrim-church is not known, I am afraid, to many of us here. One writer—not a Norwegian—said its like was not to be found in Christendom. That was four hundred years ago; and afterwards time and fire, rack and ruin, did their worst. In 1530 the nave was burnt out. When in our own days the restorers set to work the beautiful west front was a blind wall compared to what it had been. Into the quarrel over the restoration we must not enter. It was in his attempt to find the architectural absolute of the original builders, and apply it to the reconstruction, that Dr. Lund was brought to his discovery and the bold theoretic contention of his book.

What, then, of the *Sectio Aurea* as one sees it applied to the design of Olaf Kyrre's Cathedral, and church after church in Dr. Lund's atlas of plans and diagrams? He tells us naively of its first conception. He had traced in chalk on his floor what was left of the ruined canopy at Nidaros, which he took to belong to the large west window; and then, in order to enlarge it, he drew it in a network of squares. Looking at the result, he found it recalled his early drawings, inspired by Euclid, of the pentagon; and for a leading clue there was the mason's mark of the pentagram, a five-pointed star, cut in many of the stones which he had examined in the older walls at Nidaros. When he came to apply in some detail the radial lines and the divided square, with an eye to the proportions of that building, he was convinced it had been planned strictly *ad quadratum*. The proportions were kept in the ground-plan and the eleva-

tion and in every large detail with perfect geometrical interdependence.

It is harder to follow his rule in other churches. His examination of the great church at Cologne, as mapped out in the plates IX. and X., figs. 77 and 78, is to be tested in a forest of angles, pentangles, and diagonals, which to the cursory eye of a layman is bewildering. But with his text at hand one sees the justification for his quest of the magic pentagon. If we compare Cologne with Amiens Cathedral, he says, we discover that they both lie within two large squares; and this disposition is not arbitrary. Guided by the sure hand and constructive sense of the builder, they took shape according to geometrical law, the true entelechy of nature. In Amiens the chancel is determined by the pentagon and the three circles; and the projection of the apses is fixed by the same section. In England Salisbury Cathedral is the most perfect instance we have of a church built *ad quadratum*, and the result is proportionately noble. "There is an almost Greek severity in its planning and in the whole building. . . . The whole mass appears as if raised by some internal living power."

This reminds one that Dr. Lund looks upon the tradition of religious architecture, classic and Christian medieval, as continuous. There was a secret science behind it, known to the adept, and handed on in the craft and mystery of the great builders. He is, of course, not the first to maintain the use of geometric rule in buildings like the Parthenon, or a secret formula in the medieval craft. What he does bring home to his readers, as no one else has done, is the evidence for the apparent use of a recognized form, a canon of proportion, as sure as the sun's orbit.

Does he quite prove his case? Yes and no. He will confirm in their supernal idea those who in a cathedral—Throndhjem, Notre Dame at Paris, Cologne, St. Ouen—are aware of a symmetry that points to an inspired and heavenly order, an organic necessity, in the architectural form. He will certainly not convince his professional opponents, or, for that matter, those experts of his craft who believe in its sheer reliance on the practical training and empirical sense of the master builder. I remember once talking to William Morris about the medieval architects and their great designs—"And all the plan most of them had," he said, "was a few lines such as you might draw in the palm of your hand!" Was he, too, thinking of the broken square, the circle, and the pentagon? Dr. Macody Lund helps us to understand what those lines may have been; but he does not make it certain that they were used deliberately in every church he replans.

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